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Rehearsal April 22 1844

By A. F. T. & P.

# MISS LUCY NEALE

(A FAVORITE ETHIOPIAN SONG)

Written, Sung & Dedicated to

His friends of his own native City, Philad<sup>a</sup>

by

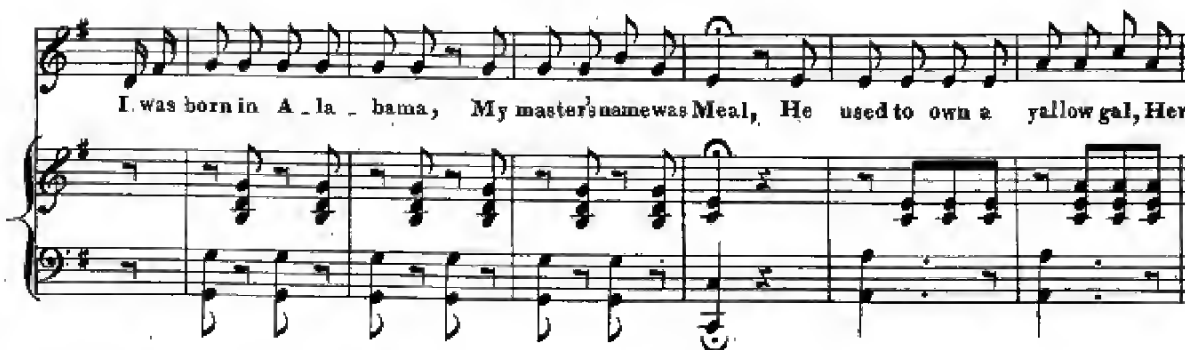
**JAMES SANFORD.**

THE CELEBRATED NEGRO SINGER & DANCER,

Philadelphia A. F. T. 196 Chestnut St.

New York: W. DUBOIS, 315 Broadway.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1844 by J. F. T. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.





2  
Miss Lucy she was handsome,  
From de head down to de heel,  
And all de niggas fell in love,  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

3  
She used to go out wid us,  
To pick cotton in de field,  
And dar is whar I fell in love,  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

4  
I asked Miss Lucy would she have me,  
How glad she made me feel,  
When she gave to me her heart,  
My pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

5  
My massa he did sell me,  
Because he thought I'd steal,  
Which caused a separation,  
Of myself and Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
If I had her in my arms,  
How happy I would feel.

6  
My boat it was a pine log,  
Widout eder rudder or keel,  
And I floated down de river,  
A crying poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

7  
De niggas gave a ball,  
Miss Lucy danced a reel,  
And none dar could compare,  
Wid my poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

8  
Miss Lucy she was taken sick,  
She eat too much corn meal,  
The Doctor he did gib her up,  
Alas! poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

9  
One day I got a letter,  
And jet black was the seal  
It was de announcement ob de death  
Of my poor Lucy Neale.  
And oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
And oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
If I had her in my arms,  
How glad 'twould make me feel.